



FALLING DOWNMAN.



EDGAR WARBURG, JR.

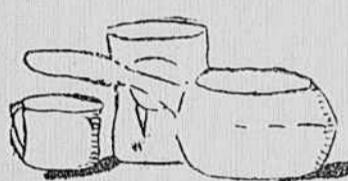
TIMES-DISPATCH CHILDREN'S CLUB HARRY BOYD.



MARY COUNTESS HOPKINS.



ALICE LORENTZEN.



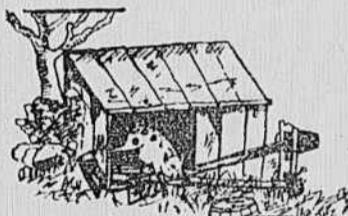
CONNIE MURRAY.



JESSIE MOSLEY.



MARY CUSTIS LEE.



WADE H. VINCENT.



LYDIA V. HANSON.



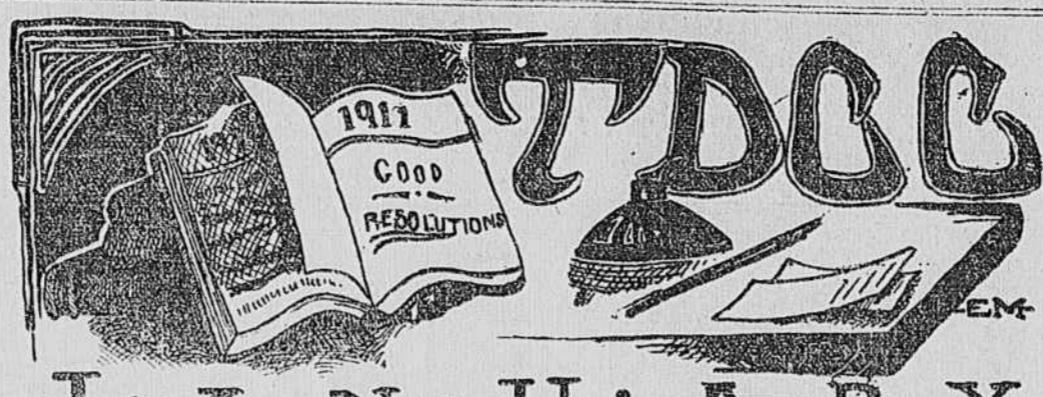
BLANCHE ANTHONY.



LEE DANCE.



JESSIE BISHOP.



J·A·N·U·A·R·Y

Editorial and Literary Department.

The Weekly Honor Roll
and the Yearly Contest

Dear Boys and Girls:

I told you last week about the prize to be soon awarded to two members of the club that did fine work for 1910. I also told you that during this year you would each have the opportunity to win one for yourself, the contest being open to all.

Now, in order that good work may be encouraged and rewarded among all club members, I am going to establish an honor roll and publish in it every week the names of boys and girls who excel in good drawings, done with black ink on white paper, the only kind of drawings which can be successfully reproduced and accredited on the Children's Page.

Good, original stories, not too long, written with reference to correct rules of spelling and punctuation and on one side of the paper only, will also entitle their authors to respectful consideration in the matter of prizes and the honor roll. And the same is true in regard to puzzles, whether they are picture puzzles, conundrums, acrostics or jumbles, though I think we have too many of the last mentioned variety.

Now dear boys and girls, I expect you all to read this letter carefully and pay attention to it. I hope you will give every one of you try to do your best. Hereafter our work will be looked at carefully, and, if you desire to see yourselves in print, you must arouse your energies and bring your page up to the highest point of excellence it has ever reached.

Consider what I am saying to you. I shall know what you think of it when you have read it by the answer you make through your work. Remember now, each one of you is runn'n a race, in which the best runners must win, and act accordingly.

YOUR EDITOR.

WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

Harold Robinson, for illustrated poem, "My Pa."

Miss Katherine Lawson, South Boston, Halifax County, Va., for story poem entitled "My Farm."

Miss Eddie W. McGowen, The Codd, Washington, D. C., for a historic sketch, "Pioneer Children of the West."

THE WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS.

Anderson, Evelyn Harris, Cecil Anderson, Louise Hobson, Lena V. Anthony, Blanche Ingram, Catherine Bonney, Charlotte Eyer, Robert A. Brooks, Ruth Beverley, Eliza S. Lewis, Barbara Bishop, Jessie Lee, Mary Custis Boyd, Harry A. Loretzine, Alice Brown, T. W. Lawson, Katherine Bennett, Rosella Leigh, Mary Beyeler, Cedric S. Len, Gay Clayton, Hortense Mitchell, Alice Clayton, Vesta Martin, Annie M. Camden, Walter Morton, E. K. Coffman, Theo. Murray, Connie Cato, Mabel Marburg, E. Jr., Mosley, Jessie Dickey, Harold Dugan, William, S. W. Dunn, Florence Dunovan, Nora T. Hansen, Lydia V. Downey, Pauline Heid, Elizabeth Dance, S. Lee Spangler, W. D. Dyke, Evelyn E. Townes, M. Fink, Norlin Garrett, Louise Tigner, Helen A. Gillian, Mary A. Vincent, Wade H. Hopkins, Mary C. Workman, Miriam Hopkins, Joseph A. Whitehurst, Celia Hobson, H. M. Woodville, J. R. Jr.

LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron, celebrated poet, was born in London, England, January 22, 1788; died at Missolonghi, Greece, April 19, 1824. He was the only son of Captain John Byron and Catherine Gordon, heiress of Aberdeenshire. His early education was entirely under the care of his mother. Later he was sent to Harrow, and in 1805 entered Cambridge University. He was noted for his love of sport and undaunted spirit, for which he was distinguished among his playmates. While at Cambridge he wrote a volume of verse entitled "Hours of Idleness," and published it at Newark. These verses contain little of educational value and were fiercely criticized by Lord Byron in a satirical article in the Edinburgh Review.

Byron replied to the criticism in his satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which great powers of wit and mastery of versification were displayed, and Byron rose to a high point in the estimation of the public.

He visited the shores of the Mediterranean and traveled through Turkey and Greece. While there he composed his best work, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and published the first two cantos of it in 1812. It was a marked success, and was followed by "Bride of Abydos," "Siege of Corinth," and other able works that caused his name to be known throughout Europe.

CECILIA A. WHITEHURST, Aged twelve, Tucker, Va.

quaintance to be courted by the best society of England.

In 1815 Byron married Isabella Milbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke, a baronet. The marriage proved unfortunate, owing to Byron's excitable nature and association with ill-chosen companions. After the birth of his child, Ada, in December, 1815, a permanent separation took place, and Byron left England the next year with the avowed intention of never again returning. He proceeded to France, visited the fields of Waterloo and Brussels, the natural scenery of Switzerland and Italy, and took up an abode at Venice and later in Rome. While at Rome he completed the third canto of "Childe Harold," which was followed by "Dream, and Other Poems," "Prisoner of Chillon," later by "Clement of Tasso." In 1820 he published several works and made his abode in Ravenna; later in Pisa and Genoa. While at Pisa he co-operated with Shelley and Leigh Hunt and completed the exquisite poem "Don Juan," and later "Deformed Transformed," his last poetic effort.

When the Greeks made their struggle against Turkey for independence, he concluded to enter the army and serve the cause of Greekland. He proceeded to Missolonghi in 1821 and secured the enlistment of 500 volunteers at his own pay, and undertook to drill them in the art. Great exertion and severe cold terminated in a fever which resulted in his death.

Byron ranks as one of the best poets of England, estimated from the standpoint of his productions, and has been called "The grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme," on account of the boldness and splendor of his literary career. His influences is still felt in the literary world, in which his productions are exercising a marked influence. While at the Hellespont he performed the heroic feat of swimming across the water to demonstrate his ability to imitate the exploits told of in the Greek story of "Hero and Leander." His body was brought to England and buried in Newstead Abbey.

FLORENCE FREY,

157 Washington St., Petersburg, Va.

GOING ON AN ERRAND.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rasher of ham."

"I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong,
My mother gets in such a fret."

"Now here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
And run through my orders again,
I haven't forgot—no never a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain."

"A pound of chestnut one and ten,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs;
And a rasher of new-laid jam!"

Selected by THOMAS W. BROWN,

907 W. Marshall St., Richmond, Va.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

When I was five years old Santa Claus brought me a real pretty doll and she was very large. I named her "Louise," and have called her by that name ever since. She was seven years old last Christmas day. She has never been broken at all. That Christmas I got little stove that I could cook on. I also got a muff and fur, which I have now.

CELIA A. WHITEHURST,

Aged twelve, Tucker, Va.

(Prize Story)
"MY FARM."

I have a little farm over the River James, I'm going to tell you 'bout it, But I can't tell tales and names.

The cows graze on the meadow green, The prettiest sight you've ever seen, The pigs grunt within the pen, The rooster ogles at the hen.

The fields abound with oats and wheat, And everything that's good to eat, The harvest time draweth the nigh, We'll all get busy by and by.

Through my land there runs a creek, And when lonely this I seek, In my hand I take a book, And sit within a shady nook.

Here I linger, love to dwell, While wild woods fragrance I can smell,

There is saying, "tried and true."

That home's the place for me and you.

Letters I write to the T. D. C. C. Now don't you wish that you were me? But you a member may be, too.

If you wish to, as I think you do,

KATHARINE LAWSON,

South Boston, Halifax County, Va.

Tucker, Va.

CECILIA A. WHITEHURST,

Provost, Va.

Visitor to Virginia!

Dear Editor—I was very glad to see my picture printed in the T. D. C. C. and hope that this one will have the same success.

I will be in Virginia Saturday, where I will be in time for the fair, but could not get away in time. Yours sincerely,

HAROLD VINCENT,

116 Lincoln Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Has Eighteen Ducks?

Dear Editor—I am sending you a drawing and a puzzle. I hope they will be good enough so that they will escape the waste basket. I have eighteen young ducks. Six of them are almost grown, and the other twelve are two months old. I went up to the Pocahontas fair and thought it was fine. Your member,

LUCIAN P. WICKHAM,

Hallboro, Va.

MARY DELL DOWMAN,

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
Full of light,
Leaping and basking
From morn till night.

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the wind blows.

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day.

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary.

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion by rest.

Full of a nature,
Nothing can tame,
Changing every moment,
Ever the same.

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
They claim.

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeable, constant,
Upward like thee!

Selected by CECIL HARRIS,

907 W. Marshall St., Richmond, Va.

SWEET VIOLET.

Sweet violet, that out of view,
Through snow, and sleet, and shower,
Has kept a speck of heavenly blue
To bless this vernal hour.

Oh, could we learn the gentle art,
When trouble clouds our skies,
To cherish in secret heart
A hope that never dies!

Selected by CONNIE MURRAY,

South Boston, Va., Box 57.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Long ago in the Ocoeechee Indian tribe there lived a beautiful maiden. Her name was Minjewana. The Ocoeeches hated with deadly hatred the Tarahahere tribe. One day, when Minjewana was out picking wild flowers, she had a singular experience. She wasn't paying much attention to anything, and when she turned around a panther glared at her. He sprang, and while in mid-air an arrow whizzed by him and shot him in the heart.

Minjewana looked around and saw, emerging from the bushes, an Indian chief of the Tarahahere tribe. She thanked him, scurried and went home. Every day after this they would meet secretly and talk. One day while roaming through the woods two Indians of the Ocoeechee tribe came upon them. They knew Minjewana had no right with a Tarahahere, so they took them prisoners. The next day, at dawn, two fires were built at each end of the village. At one end was Minjewana, and at the other was the Tarahahere chief.

While burning at the stake both were praying to God to protect them. At last God heard their prayer and came to their aid. A great wind-storm came up and the watchers shut their eyes. When they looked up Minjewana and the Tarahahere chief were gone.

God had changed Minjewana to a mocking-bird and the Tarahahere chief to a robin.

So as Minjewana sits in her tree she imitates the robin and Tobia comes to her and they are lovers yet.

GAY LEA,

1521 Grove Avenue, Richmond.

Jumbled Girls' Names.

1. Bessie, 2. Edna, 3. Helen,

4. Lillian, 5. Mabel, 6. Ruth,

7. Sophie, 8. Thelma,

9. Anna, 10. Ethel,

11. Ethlyn, 12. Thaam.

GAY LEA,

1521 Grove Avenue, Richmond.

Jumbled Cities.

1. Tetub, 2. Elsob, 3. Gontzoin,

4. Enokok, 5. Utsonatn,

6. Alahstanes, 7. Wen Lmasoo.

VESTA CLAYTON,

698 Jefferson Avenue, Danville, Va.

Jumbled Aviators.

1. Ledrex, 2. Shikroo,

3. Thilam, 4. Millham.

THOS. W. BROWN,

503 West Marshall Street, city.

Jumbled Names of Animals.

1. Griff, 2. Grinlee,

3. Nikoya, 4. Graile,

5. Resch, 6. Olin,

7. Ord.